Switcharoo Didgeridoo by bww666

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Relationships: Beverly Marsh/Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Bill Denbrough/Stanley Uris, Dustin Henderson/Lucas Sinclair, Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier, Jonathan Byers/Steve Harrington, Karen Wheeler/Maggie Tozier, Maggie Tozier/Wentworth "Went" Tozier, Will Byers/Mike Wheeler
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Summary:

Karen Wheeler and Maggie Tozier thought they were doing the right thing.

aka where Karen and Maggie had twins

aka where Richie and Mike together is a nightmare. Ask anyone.

1. Prologue

Author's Note:

> ok so i know that the first chapter moves realy fast but like we need to get this show on the road.
>
> only halfway betaed but i got impatient so im posting it
>
> this is my first fic, i hope its good (yo shout out to my discord fam for helping me out with this idea, love yall!!!)

In Bar Harbor, Maine, a couple come together to have a picnic under the stars. Karen Wheeler and Maggie Tozier have been together for over four years, meeting each other while Karen was a barista and Maggie ordering coffee from her. The night of July 27th, 1996, Maggie had a very important question to ask Karen.

Karen looked up at the stars with her head in Maggie's lap. "Look Mags," she said pointing at the sky. "It's Orion's Belt!" The other woman looked at her partner with love in her eyes. Her hand went into her pocket, clenching the object in it.

"Yeah, baby? Where is it?" Karen sat up and turned her body so she faced the constellation. "Over there! Can't you see it?" Maggie followed her finger to look at the stars. "You know I can't see stuff like that, babe." Karen giggled and hit Maggie's shoulder. "You never see anything I show you, you're so boring."

Maggie smiled, looking deep into Karen's eyes. "Hey Kare, can you grab some water from the basket for me?" The latter looked at her suspiciously. "You've been acting weird all day, are you okay?" she turned around, took hold of a water bottle, and turned around to give to the other. When she turned around, she saw a big, shiny ring in front of her face. Karen dropped the water bottle.

"Karen Matilda Wheeler, I love you and I know you love me. I know that we fight a lot, but being able to hold you at the end of the day

makes all of it okay. I also know that we're both women and that it's illegal for us to get married, but this is a promise to one day get married, wherever we can. We are both women and together we can't reproduce, but we can get a sperm donor.

"Even if they reject us, we can move around and say we're sisters. All I know in this life is that I'm happy I met you and you're the one I want to be with. So, we can't get married right now, but will you promise me that you'll stay with me until we can?" Karen started sobbing. "You, you, you idiot!" she choked out. "Yes! Yes, I'll be with you forever." Both women were crying as Maggie put her promise ring onto her radiant girlfriend. After both put on their rings, they shared a closed kiss, slowly heating up. Karen grasped Maggie's shoulders and pushed her to lay down on the picnic blanket to straddle the other. Breaking the kiss after a minute or two, Karen looked deep into her eyes and smiled tearily.

"Margaret Elizabeth Tozier, I love you and I want to be with you, forever." The two women stared at each other, in love for a long time.

Three years later, Maggie and Karen ask their male friend to donate his sperm to be able to have kids. The friend agrees and produces twins for the women. As the months go on, a pregnant Karen grows more and more cranky. For Maggie, she is a busy soon-to-be mother, working three jobs as a bartender, a barista, and a librarian; all on top of continuing to pay off her student loans. As time goes on, both slowly start to resent each other. Maggie, for the constant nagging, the constant stress she was under, and from the lack of sleep because of her significant other. Karen, because of her hormones, the lack of presence Maggie had in her life, and because all they did was yell at each other.

On February 16th, 2000, Karen gave birth to two beautiful boys: Richard Dylan Tozier and Michael Alexander Tozier, deciding to take after Maggie's surname. Three months after the boys are born, Maggie has reached the end of her rope. Standing in the middle of the living room of their dingy apartment, each holding a child, screaming at each other.

"Why do you have to be such a bitch, Karen?" screamed Maggie.

Karen saw red, cradling Richie to her chest. “I’m the bitch? Oh, I’m the bitch? Check your attitude these past few days Maggie, you’re not the only one working now. I’m supposed to be at home, on maternity leave, taking care of the children, but since you’re so fucking bad at your job, I have to work too. You don’t care about me or the children, you only care about leaving and making it big. You’re a cunt, and you’ll always be one.” Karen’s chest heaving, both children screaming on the top of their lungs into the tense air.

Both women stared at each other for a while, neither talking nor moving. Maggie broke their eye contact and started rocking Mike to calm down. “There, there, Mommy is sorry for yelling.” she soothed. “There, there, you’re okay.” Karen blinked back tears and started tending to Richie. As the twins began to fall asleep, the women set them down into their cheap crib and avoided each other by cleaning around the room.

Later into the night, Both women lay awake in bed staring straight at the ceiling. Maggie sighed heavily, twisting her promise ring around on her finger. “We’re not happy anymore, Karen.” the other woman nodded solemnly. “I know, it’s like we lost our spark, I don’t know what to do anymore.” Maggie turned onto her side facing Karen. “I know some relatives in California who might be willing to take me in.” Karen flipped onto her side, also facing Maggie. “And I have some friends in New York who asked me to visit, I made enough money to buy a place there too.” It was silent.

“What about the children?” The question floated around in their minds. Maggie sat up out of bed and walked out of the room, and coming back minutes later with two water bottle. “I could take Richie to Cali and you could take Mike to New York.” Maggie said, handing Karen a water bottle. The latter sat up and grabbed the bottle tiredly and opened it. “Wouldn’t that be inhumane to keep them apart? And imagine the costs of the plane tickets to visit one another building up. I’m not that financially secure.” They sat in silence thinking.

“We aren’t happy together, we weren’t really ever happy together. I think it’d be better if we just never had to see each other again. Then they wouldn’t have to go to two different schools, so we can finally have some peace and quiet?” Karen looked at Maggie. “Like I asked, wouldn’t that be inhumane? They’re twins, they’re supposed to be

together."

"Not if they don't know they're actually siblings." said Maggie. "Their brains are barely developed, they can't talk, they don't even have memories yet. If we leave now, they won't even have memories of them being together." Karen nodded slowly. "Okay, I'll talk to the landlord tomorrow, and you pack everything. I'll call my friends tomorrow morning." Maggie smiled sadly. "This is for the best, Kare. I love you, but I can't handle this anymore." Karen let air out of her lungs slowly, tearing up and nodding. "Goodnight, Mags."

The next morning, Maggie Tozier's things were packed, her apartment keys were returned, and she was on her to quit her jobs. Karen Wheeler was in the process of packing up and cleaning after the twin boys when Maggie returned. The door opened and Maggie entered the house, hearing the twins squealing loudly. She guessed they were eating in the kitchen and saw Maggie feeding both boys at once. She strided over to the table and picked up a bowl and began feeding Mike. "I saw that the living room is empty, you're done already?" Karen nodded, not looking at her partner. "Yeah, we didn't have-open up Richie! Here's the choo-choo train-we didn't have a lot of things." Maggie nodded. Both women fed the boys in silence.

A couple hours later, the women were standing in the street waiting for their own buses. Maggie turned to Karen, who was hugging Richie and crying. "You're getting to New York by train, right?" Karen nodded tearily. "Yeah, I am. And you're getting to Cali by plane?" Maggie nodded, squatting down to look at Mike through his baby carrier. "I'll miss you little guy, Mommy loves you very much." Maggie stood up clearing her throat and wiping away tears.

"Anyways, my bus is here. You have a good trip Karen." Maggie nodded and picked up Richie and put him into the bus first, then her luggages and boxes. Right before Maggie got on, Karen called her name and she turned around. "What's up-" she was cut off by Karen kissing her square on the mouth one last time. The kiss was a closed mouth kiss, full of emotions, and wet with tears. "Goodbye, Maggie."

Maggie was shocked. She touched her mouth as she watched Karen walk back to her things. "Goodbye, Karen. I love you." She then climbed onto the bus, crying and not looking back.

17 years later, Karen Wheeler is a wedding planner, living with her son, Mike Wheeler, her late best friend's son, and her orphan nephew in New York City. Maggie is a winemaker and owns her own vineyard in Napa, California with her son Richie Tozier, and her best friend's family. Both women thought they'd never have to see or meet each other again, until the summer of 2017.

2. Chapter 1

Summary for the Chapter:

Richie and Mike meet, things get heated.

Notes for the Chapter:

ok so i wanna thank everyone who helped me

hanna I LOVE YOU

lev GOD THANK YOU SO MCUH

fern YOU ARE SUCH A BIG HELP

eddie fuck I LOVE YOU

mary u are so weird but thnks i love u bb

i lvoe u all and THNAKS TO EVERYONE WHO READS THIS STORY

Richie Tozier, glanced up at the Indiana sky tiredly. He had just gotten off a four hour plane ride which left at four-thirty in the afternoon and arrived at the Indianapolis airport at around five-thirty. After, he took a cab from the airport to the campgrounds in Kokomo. He walked around, trying to find signal to call his mom and text his friend, Will, to inform them of his safe arrival. There were people of all ages around him, running around, walking, talking, and looking for their cabins.

Richie dropped his arm back to his side and looked around to see a man in a uniform pushing a cart full of bags. He spotted his dark purple duffle bag with white skulls on it right on top of the pile. Bags were dumped into a pile, and Richie knew that because his was in the top of the cart, it would be in the bottom of the pile, so he wanted to grab it before it was covered with others.

Richie pushed past people to follow the man, assumably the camp counselor, but when he finally caught up with him it was too late, and his bag was immediately swallowed by other, heavier-looking bags. He stared in disappointment, mouth open and downturned, before he reached into the pile to grip his bag handle and pull as hard as he could. Of course, as a lanky, thin guy with no upper-arm strength, he couldn't even get it to budge.

"Need some help?" asked a voice to his left. Richie whipped around and stared at the speaker, a smirking redhead girl with two bags in both hands. Richie smirked back.

"Yeah, sure, I'm too fucking weak to grab it." The redhead dropped her bag and looked at him.

"Okay, I grab one handle and you grab the other, okay?" she said. Richie nodded and took one of the handles in his big palms. The redhead took the other and counted down. "Okay. One, two, three!" They both pulled as hard as they could, but nothing happened. They let go and Richie groaned.

Then, a tall, muscular guy in front of them reached into the pile and pulled out a bag in the middle of it like it was nothing. Richie and the girl gaped at him.

"Now that's the kind of bear I was hoping to see on this trip." Richie said, biting his lip. The redhead cupped her hands around her mouth. "Yo, big boy! Come over here a sec." The handsome guy turned around at the words, 'big boy' and walked over. "Hey, what do you guys need?"

“Do you see that purple bag under all the other bags?” Richie asked pointing it out. The guy nodded. “Could you get that out for me? I’m a noodle, I break when I do physical activity,” Richie winked. “Well, at least not all physical activity.” All three of them snickered.

The tall guy nodded again. “Yeah, I got it.” He then proceeded to pull the bag out like it was covered in oil. He handed the bag over to Richie and smiled. “I’m Mike Hanlon, who’re you? I’ve never seen you here before.”

Redhead raised her hand. “I’m Beverly Marsh, call me Bev.”

Richie smiled back, pushing his glasses up his face. “My name is Richard Tozier, I only go by Richie or Lil’ Dickie. Take your pick.”

The other two snickered. “Lil’ Dickie?” laughed Beverly as they walked away from the bag pile.

“Yeah, it’s a running joke between my best friend, Will and I,” Richie explained. “He called me a dick once when we were high and I said, ‘You are what you eat.’ He then proceeded to laugh back and said that the dicks must’ve been small. After that, he started crying from laughing so hard because he remembered that ‘Dick’ was a nickname for the name Richard. Somehow he thought up ‘Lil’ Dickie,’ and it’s stuck since then.”

Beverly chortled. “I love your friend high.”

Richie turned to look at Mike. “So, do we get assigned cabins or do we get to choose our roomies?”

Mike began walking towards the cabins. “Okay, so normally we choose our cabins and our roommates, but if they’re filled or something then we get tents or, I remember one year where there were so many people, they had to be held in the isolation cabin .” Mike then looked around. “Well, this year looks a lot less busy, so we could probably find a cabin really quick.”

A car honked loudly from behind them, so all three of them began running up the hill. A big SUV sped up the hill, not seeming like it would slow down for pedestrians, so they split and ran to the left and right. “Man, I wonder which princess is in that one.” Richie said to Bev.

Mike Wheeler was not at home. He was heading to camp for three months, away from his best friend Eddie and his mother. He didn’t even want to go on this trip, his mother made him go so he would “learn how to be social.” He jumped out of the car to the trunk and pulled out his bags. Steve Harrington, his babysitter/escort jumped out also and took out his phone. “Alright, shithead, let’s see if you have everything on your list.”

Mike rolled his eyes. “Okay, jackass, lay it on me.”

“Clothes?”

“Check.”

“Sunscreen?”

“Check.”

“Vitamins?”

“Oh dear god, check.”

“Your phone?”

“Doubt I’ll get any signal, but check.”

“And, a brand new deck of cards so you can finally beat someone in *Bullshit!* .” Mike smirked. “You don’t have to make it so obvious that you’re still mad at me for beating you five rounds in a row.”

Steve spazzed out. “Okay, listen here asshat, you cheated, okay? I would hardly be proud of that.”

Mike picked up his bags. “You better leave before you miss your flight back home.”

Steve looked at his phone, eyes wide and ran to the driver’s seat. “Later bitchtit, see you in three months.” Steve then drove away,

quickly leaving a dust cloud in his wake. Mike turned around and began walking up the hill to one of the cabins.

He walked into the closest one and saw that there were already people in it. “Oh sorry, is this cabin full yet?” The girl looked around at the boys. “Nah, you’re good, come in, we got one more bed left.” Mike nodded and walked over to the right corner bed. “So, what’s your name, kid?”

“Mike Wheeler, you?”

The short-haired girl pointed at herself. “I’m Jane Hopper, call me Eleven,” she then promptly pointed at the other four boys in the room. “That’s Bill Denbrough,” she pointed at the tall, lanky boy with short hair, listening to music. “That’s Ben Hanscom,” she pointed at a very tall, muscular boy, who waved at him. “That one is Dustin Henderson, he’s kind of stupid,” pointing at a curly-haired boy, who didn’t hear a word she said. “And that last one is Lucas Sinclair.” She pointed at the last person, a tall, lean boy sorting his clothes.

Mike nodded. “Why are you called Eleven, if you don’t mind me asking?”

She laughed. “When I was in elementary school, I was always number eleven. Even on my soccer team,eleven is my jersey number.”

Mike nodded. “Cool.”

Bill sat up and pointed at the others. “I-I’m going to the m-mess hall, y’all wanna c-come along?” Dustin and Lucas looked at each other, shrugged in agreement, and followed Bill out the door. After a minute, Ben stood up and followed them silently.

Eleven looked at Mike and tilted her head, silently asking him if he was going to come along. Mike nodded and said, “Let me unpack first, I’ll catch up.” She nodded and opened the screen door, showing Bill behind it waiting for them.

Mike rifled through his bag and laid everything out on the bed, putting his knick-knacks in the bedside desk, shared with Ben. He sorted his clothes on his bed into sections and put them in the drawers by the door. After he was done, he pushed his empty bag under his bed, and walked to the mess hall.

Inside was bustling with bodies, and the smell of food hit him in the face. Mike glanced around, looking for Eleven and his roommates, when he spotted them in line for food. Walking up to them, he heard Bill and Dustin arguing about something.

“D-Dustin, you don’t get it-”

“What the fuck don’t I get, you dumbass? The Green Lantern would die under the jaws of Wolverine.”

“I-I understand that, you halfwit. I’m saying, that w-with the ring he has, he can ba-basically kick Wolverine’s ass.”

“Are you fucking kidding me. Dude, without the ring, the Green Lantern is useless, and even with the ring, his powers can be deflected by Wolverine’s claws. Get your fucking head straight, you snake.”

“Turn around y’all, it’s a snake habitat,” Eleven interjected, looking bored.

Lucas snickered, looking further up the line. “Y’aint ready for his farts tonight, I hope they’re not serving beans.”

Mike snuck up on them. “They’re serving beans.” he said.

Dustin smiled goofily while Lucas glared at him. “Fuck dude, you’re gonna suffer tonight. We’re all gonna suffer.”

Mike looked at all of them weirdly. “What even brought up that DC vs. Marvel debate?”

Dustin glared at Bill. “I brought up Marvel and asked them if they liked that universe, and Mr. Jackass over here, said that DC was better.” He pointed at Bill. “I asked who his favorite superhero was then, and he said the fuckin’ *Green Lantern* .”

Lucas rolled his eyes. “A harmless statement, might I add.” Dustin covered his mouth with his hand.

“Shush, you beautiful tall drink of coffee, you’re not a part of this.” Dustin uncovered Lucas’ mouth and continued talking, despite Lucas’ glares at him. “He then, after a brief moment of silence, said that the Green Lantern could beat any superhero in the Marvel universe.”

Eleven snickered. “Dustin got really triggered.”

“ *I didn’t get triggere* -” Dustin flailed his hands in an attempt to calm down. “I didn’t get triggered, you snake. After, I asked him, ‘Well, what about Wolverine?’ he looked me dead in the eyes and said,” he pointed at Bill, who in return smirked.

“E-especially him.” He crossed his arms sassily while Dustin freaked out a second time.

“I can’t believe I’m in a room with a snake. Oh my god. You are a literal idiot. I hate you so much.”

Mike snickered and looked at Eleven. “Are they friends from back home?”

Eleven looked at him. “Nah, they just met today. Dustin just tried to make small talk and now they’re best friends.”

Mike nodded in acknowledgement. “What about you?”

“What about me?”

“Well, do you know anyone here?”

Eleven nodded. “Lucas and Dustin are my friends from back home in South Carolina. Lucas is Dustin’s boyfriend and is always one hundred percent done with his shit.”

Mike looked at her in surprise. “They’re dating? I never would’ve guessed.”

El nodded again. “Yeah, you’d never guess it but if you look at their eyes when the other is talking, all you see is love.”

Mike looked to Ben. “So how about you, Ben?”

Ben shrugged. “My friends didn’t wanna come this year so I’m by myself.”

El slung her arm over his shoulder. “Don’t worry my guy, we’ll take good care of you.”

After a long wait, the six of them were in the front of the line. As Bill was the first to get his food, he left to find a bench and waved at them once he found one. Mike took his tray from the lunch lady, consisting of beans, a sloppy joe, and a water bottle. As he was about to choose his side of fruit, a hand reached out and blocked him from grabbing it.

“Oh, I’m sorry, my lil’ dude. Just trying to get some peanut butter for my sammich.”

Mike looked to his right and saw a redheaded camp counselor smiling at him through her wire-rimmed glasses. He smiled forcefully at her and waited for her to move.

“Are you new here? I’ve never seen you here before!” She smiled and he nodded before looking at the lunch ladies, hoping for the counselor’s peanut butter to come quickly.

She didn’t budge, but she looked to her right at another person. “What about you my dude? You new here?” Mike didn’t hear an answer but looked around her to find a way to get to his fruit. He stood upright, defeated as she looked back at him with a jar of peanut butter in her hand. “You want some PB&J, my broski?”

Mike shook his head quickly, said, “Nope, sorry, I’m allergic,” and promptly left, not grabbing his fruit.

Barb shrugged and looked at the camper to her right. “You want some peanut butter, dude?”

The boy looked at her and shook his head quickly. “Nah, I’m good. I’m allergic.”

Barb did a double take. “Yeah, you said that already,” she looked to her left, but Mike was gone. “Wait, what the fuck?” she asked the empty air.

Mike sat down at his table and rolled his eyes. Ben looked at him. “What took you so long, Mike?”

Mike picked up his sloppy joe and took an angry bite. “Some dumbass counselor was trying to be cool and asking me all these questions. I didn’t even get my fucking fruit.” All of his roommates laughed at his sulking, and continued eating and talking.

Richie walked over to his picnic bench after escaping the odd counselor in the lunch line. He found Beverly and Mike sitting at a lunch table with another boy and girl. He sat down next to Mike and looked at the newcomers. “Who’re y’all guys?”

Bev snickered into her beans. “Did you just fucking say ‘y’all’ and ‘guys’ in a sentence together consecutively?” Richie smirked and shrugged, scooping up his beans with his spoon.

“Yeah, I fucking did. You got a problem?”

Mike laughed. “Okay, losers. This is Stan,” he directed his hand at the curly-haired boy with a kippah on his head. He looked a bit timid and nervous to be at the table and was looking around the room, as if to try to find someone. He slouched, looking defeated before looking Richie up and down curiously, then nodded.

Mike pointed at the girl next to Bev. “That’s Max. I knew her from

last year, she's pretty cool."

Max winked at Mike and put her fist in front of Richie's face. "What's up, my guy," Max looked at Beverly. "And who are you, missy? I think I would recognize this face anywhere." Bev blushed and told the other her name. Max bit her lip and nodded. "A beautiful name for a beautiful girl, makes sense." Richie widened his eyes at the interaction and looked at Mike. After the two boys shared a glance of shock, Richie moved his stare to the other boy.

"I'm Stan, what's good my man?" Richie laughed, putting down his sandwich after taking a bite, wiping his hands on his napkin, and offering a hand to shake. Stan shook his hand and picked up his fork.

As he was picking at his fruit, Richie spoke up. "Who were you lookin' for? Do you know anyone here?"

Stan shrugged, poking a grape with his fork and bringing it up to his mouth. "I came here with him, but I don't know where he went. We lost each other grabbing our bags."

Richie nodded and took a bite of his sloppy joe. Mike pointed at the two people on either side of Beverly. "Are you guys gonna room with us? We've got two extra beds, we have some room to spare."

Richie picked up his spoon and took a bite of his beans. "Yeah, besides, we have Miss Marsh here. I bet she's a snorer. I need another body to fill the gap."

Stan smirked at him. “You always talk this much? This might be a deal-breaker. I don’t think I can share a room with a guy who talks more than he can breathe.” Richie stared at him before laughing loudly, showing everyone the food inside his mouth.

“Oh god, you’re a hoot. I wanna keep you. I’m definitely gonna grab some digits after this.” Stan laughed, covering his mouth. “I have a boyfriend, but I’m flattered.”

Richie smirked back. “Sorry to break the news to you princess, you’re not my type.”

“What is your type? Big tits and a fat ass?”

“I hope you’re spelling that like ‘P-H-A-T’, because I don’t accept it any other way.”

Mike laughed loudly, looking at the ceiling. “Stanny, I don’t think he’s straight.”

Stan raised an eyebrow. “And how do you know that?”

“Because the first time I met him, he called me a bear.” Stan laughed so loudly, the table on either side of theirs stared at him.

“Oh fuck, I’m gonna keep you too.” Max looked at both of them and smiled. “I’m so glad I met y’all, you’re so great.” After talking a bit

more, they all threw away their trays and left for their cabin. As Stan and Max went to their previous cabins to grab their bags and put it into the cabin they were all going to share. All of the teens sorted their clothes into their drawers and sorted their hygienic needs in a pile by the door.

Stan went to take a shower first, as he was uncomfortable with germs and seeing other people naked. As he walked down the hill, he ran into a boy, who was also on his way to the showers. Stan fell and scowled.

“Watch where you’re going, asshole.” He slowly got on his knees, dusting off the pebbles embedded in his palms and looking down to wipe off the dirt on his t-shirt.

“Oh, s-so I’m an asshole? Should I break up w-with you then?” asked the amused boy. Stan whipped his head up, eyes wide. Once he recognized who the speaker was, he jumped up and hugged him tightly.

“Bill, oh my god. Where did you go? I was looking for you, you dumbass.” Bill pulled back and smiled. “Don’t you worry your pretty head, b-baby. I-I just turned around for a second and you were gone. I c-can’t move out of my cabin anymore since o-one of the c-counselors came by and wrote down our cabins.”

Stan had his arms around Bill’s neck and was stroking his short neck hairs. Stan smiled and pulled him into a kiss. “Calm down babe,” he mumbled, his lips grazing the other’s. “Your stutter is getting worse. I get it baby, I found some friends don’t worry.” Bill opened his eyes and pulled his arms tighter around Stan’s waist. “Wh-where you going baby?” Stan also opened his eyes, letting go and looking down

at the ground.

Seeing his objects on the ground, he sighed angrily and picked them up aggressively. “You made me drop my things on the ground, you bitch. Do you know how many infections you can get, just from the dirt on the ground?” He began brushing off the dirt with a hard hand while Bill stared sadly.

“I-I’m sorry, S-Stan. I didn’t mean to.”

Stan stop wiping at his clothes and sighed. “I’m sorry, Billy. I didn’t mean to get mad. I was on my way to shower.”

Stan looked behind Bill and saw how far the bathrooms were and sighed again. Looking at Bill, he saw the same things he was holding in Bill’s hands. “You wanna walk to them together?”

Bill nodded, happy that his boyfriend was no longer mad at him. Stan walked and turned his head to look at his partner. “So, tell me about your cabin mates, what’re their names?”

“Their names are M-Mike, Eleven, Dustin, Ben, and L-Lucas, they’re all really good f-fun. maybe I’ll show you to-tomorrow, if I see you. What a-about you?”

Stan’s eyes lit up. “Oh, there’s my friend, Richie, Max, Beverly, and we have a Mike too.” They finally got to the showers and went inside, putting their clothes on a table nearby. Both boys began to

strip down, in front of each other, unphased. They both wrap their own towels around their waists to hide their body and walk to the showers. There were five other boys in the showers besides them. Stan and Bill began showering, and after they were done, Bill lead him to a bundle of trees.

“What’re you-”

“Shush, y-you’ll see.” Bill said, putting a finger to his smirking lips.

Bill pushed Stan back into a tree and wrapped one hand around his neck, and the other on the tree trunk next to Stan’s head. Bill leaned in close, dark eyes watching Stan, biting his lip. Stan let out a shuddering breath.

“Right now, you horndog? In the middle of the woods?” Bill chuckled.

“W-what, you don’t want it?” Stan rolled his eyes and grasped Bill’s t-shirt. He pulled the latter closer and pressed their lips together. Bill’s eyes fluttered closed and dropped his arms to around Stan’s waist, hands on his butt. Lips pressed together, Stan began moving, and let his tongue touch Bill’s lip. Bill opened his mouth with a moan and their tongues touched each other.

Stan began moving his tongue, sucking on Bill’s and moving downwards, off his mouth and down to his neck. Stan began sucking marks onto Bill’s neck and trailing his tongue behind his ear, sucking a hickey onto a sensitive spot. Bill moaned, clenching his hands over Stan’s ass. Stan moaned at the sensation, pulling back.

“Goodnight, Bill.” Stan walked away, grabbing his things off the ground, from dropping them and walked off. As he walked away, he turned his head towards a shell shocked Bill, winking at him. “I’ll see you tomorrow, baby.”

As Stan arrived at his cabin, Richie stood up and looked at him. “Dude, what were you doing that took so long?” Stan smirked.

“Just, brushing my teeth.”

The next morning at seven-thirty, Stan didn’t run into Bill at all, but the five of them go to the mess hall to get some breakfast. As they got their food and sat at a table, the counselors, stood up on a table, making everyone quiet down.

“Hello everyone! I am Barb,” said the annoying redhead. “And this is Nancy.” She pointed at the other, pretty counselor. “Today, is a day of activities, you can stay in your cabins and hang out, but we’d prefer if you go out and play. I know that most of you are in your teens, but we do have arts and crafts.” Barb glanced down at Nancy, who handed her a clipboard.

Looking through it, she said, “Okay, so today our sports are: soccer, basketball, football, flag football, field hockey, baseball, and some gymnastics. You can choose what you want to do. Lunch is at five o’clock, and we’re having some lasagna with some mac and cheese.” Barb looked up from the clipboard and glances around. She smiled and threw up her hands. “Go ahead, everyone. Have some fun!”

As Richie finished eating, he looked at his roommates and asked

them, “Y’all good at baseball?” Mike shrugged.

“I play a mean ump, I could play.” Stan and Bev shook their heads.

“Ha, no, I like staying home and sleeping, not play sports.” said Stan. Max shook her head.

“Yeah, I play outfield. How about you, Rich?” Richie looked at Max, happy that someone played the sport.

“I’m a pitcher. Do you wanna go play after you’re done?” he asked her, gesturing towards her tray. She nodded and stuffed her pancakes into her face.

“Ogay, lestf o,” she said, her words muffled. The five teens threw away their food and put their trays away, walking out of the mess hall. They walk to the baseball field, on the outskirts of the camp. When they got to the field, a counselor was splitting a group of people into teams for a game.

“Okay, so we’re missing three people, two on one team, and one on the other,” Richie and Max heard the counselor saying as they got closer.

“We’re willing to play,” Max said getting closer. “I’m an fielder and he’s,” she pointed at Richie, “a pitcher.” The counselor looked down at his clipboard and nodded thoughtfully. He then looked at the teens in teams.

“You guys okay with them on your teams?” The teenagers nodded and one girl gave Richie the pitcher’s glove as they walked towards their group.

“Here,” she said, leaning closer to him. “I’m not that good at pitching, you can have it.” He nodded, smiling, and put it on his left hand. He wore the hat he took from his bag and walked towards the pitcher’s mound. As he looked down at the ground, spitting, he heard a voice.

“You guys playing baseball? Can I be a batter?” The counselor looked at the other team, asking silently if it was okay. The entire team nodded collectively and the boy put his stuff by his friend’s side. He went to grab a bat from someone and strutted over to the home plate.

Richie looked up at the newcomer and saw that he was wearing sunglasses. *‘God, he looks like an idiot.’* Richie thought, staring him getting ready, crouching and swinging the bat over his shoulder.

“Okay, I want a clean game today, everyone. And, since this we’ve got lunch so early today and I know you guys want to do more activities, the game will only be nine innings. Good luck,” the counselor yelled out, blowing his whistle after. Richie looked down, inhaled deeply, and exhaled slowly. He took a step and lifted his left leg, throwing overhand. The batter hit the ball over the third base, Max catching it.

“Strike one,” yelled the ump. The batter took a deep breath and swung the bat over his shoulder again. Richie turned around and caught the ball that Max threw to him. Richie turned back around and took another step. He threw the ball again, this time the batter hitting it straight back, farther than the campgrounds. As the

outfielders tried to grab it, Richie yelling at them to grab the ball, the batter made a homerun.

“One point, Mike’s team,” the ump yelled out. Richie hung his head in disappointment and saw his team run up the hill with a ball in glove, throwing it to him. The next girl to bat didn’t do so well, as she got two strikes, switching the teams. On Mike’s team, a girl was the pitcher and pitched a fastball the first try, causing the other team to get a strike.

The second time to bat, the same boy hit a ball, running to second base. Max was up next, getting into position and hit the ball on the first try. The boy on second base made a homerun, as did Max since she hit it so far. The next person to hit, got a strike and hit the ball the second time. She began to run but one of the fielders caught her ball midair. The two teams swapped again and Richie went up to the pitcher’s mound again.

“Okay guys, last inning!” yelled the counselor from outside the fence. The boy with the sunglasses stepped up to the home plate and swung the bat over his shoulder again. Richie stared at him, and pitched the ball as fast as he could. The boy missed and earned a strike. The catcher threw the ball back to Richie and he bounced it against the ground twice. The batter tapped his bat against the plate a couple of times and swung it back over his shoulder.

Richie threw the ball again and he hit the ball towards the third base again, getting a second strike. The fielder threw the ball back to Richie, who bounced the ball again. Before throwing the ball again, Richie stared at the boy’s sunglasses, assuming he was staring back. He threw the ball after a tense moment and the batter hit the ball straight up again. He started running as the ball went over the fielder’s heads towards the center.

Already on the third base, the ball was nearing the ground, close to a boy by third base. The boy dove for the ball right when Sunglasses boy slid to home base. On the ground, the ball was in the glove of Richie's teammate and the batter's foot was on home plate. Everyone looked at the ump who yelled, "Safe!"

Immediately, there was an uproar from Richie's team and they all stalked towards the ump, letting him know what they thought. "The guy definitely caught the ball before he touched home, this is crazy!" yelled a girl on Richie's team. The final batter turned to his friends behind the fence and started talking to them. Richie and Max walked over to the guy. He took off his sunglasses, his back still to them. Richie tapped his shoulder and the guy turned around. They both gasped, looking at each other's faces.

They looked exactly the same.

Notes for the Chapter:

ok im not good at sports but i hope i wrote this okay

have anice day yall :)